

AUG.

No. 119

Ten
Cents



Adventure COMICS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

Another
EXCITING STORY OF
SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS
A BOY!



"Hey—
who's the genius?"



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily
...snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

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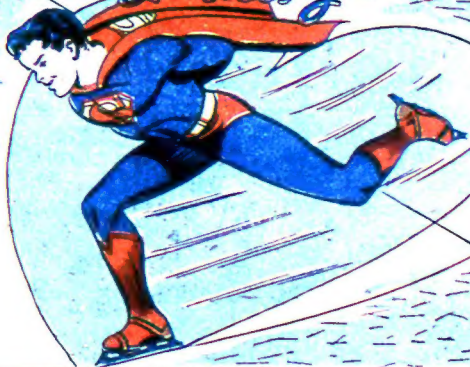
SUPERBOY

The ADVENTURES of SUPERMAN
WHEN HE WAS A BOY!

HAVE YOU EVER FELT SORRY FOR CLARK KENT WHEN LOIS LANE GIVES HIM THE COLD SHOULDER AND TURNS TO MORE DASHING SUPERMAN? HAVE YOU WONDERED HOW CLARK CAN GO ON, YEAR AFTER YEAR, ACCEPTING LOIS' MILD CONTEMPT AND NOT BE ANGERED ENOUGH TO REVEAL THAT

HE IS SUPERMAN?
THE ANSWER IS THAT SUPERMAN BEING CLARK'S RIVAL STARTED SO LONG AGO THAT CLARK IS USED TO IT BY NOW! YES, IT REALLY BEGINS WHEN CLARK WAS A BOY...
WHEN...

Superboy Meets Girl!

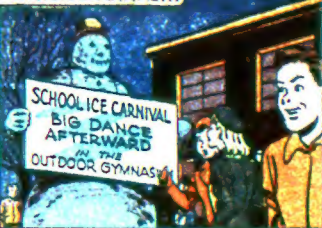


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FOR WEEKS, THE MOST EXCITING TOPIC OF SCHOOL CONVERSATION IS THE ANNUAL WINTER CARNIVAL...



WHAT GIRL ARE YOU TAKING TO THE DANCE, CLARK?

NO GIRL! MY PARENTS ARE GOING OUT OF TOWN TO VISIT MY GRANDMOTHER AND I'VE GOT TO GO ALONG.



LATER... A SURPRISE AWAITS YOUNG KENT AT HOME...



HOPEFULLY, CLARK ASKS BETTY—THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN SCHOOL.



BUT EVEN A STAR ATHLETE CAN CATCH COLD... FOR, LATER THAT DAY...



THE NEWS BUZZES THROUGH THE SCHOOL AND MANY A BOY SEEKS THE CHANCE TO DATE THE BEAUTIFUL BETTY! BUT THE FOLLOWING SCENE IS TYPICAL...

NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT BREAKING YOUR DATE WITH ME SO YOU CAN TAKE BETTY TO THE DANCE!

AND POOR BETTY IS LEFT DATELESS!

I'M THE ONLY GIRL IN SCHOOL WHO HASN'T A BOY TO TAKE HER TO THE DANCE! MY SOCIAL LIFE IS RUINED... DEFINITELY!

WHY NOT GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME, BETTY?

WE-ELL! OKAY, CLARK! I GUESS I HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE!

LATER... THE WHOLE SCHOOL TURNS OUT FOR THE ICE CARNIVAL!

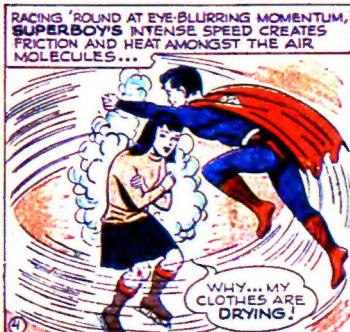
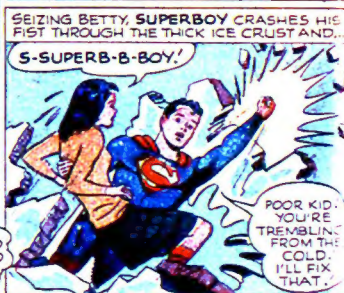
HELLO, BETTY! HELLO, 'JOE'! TEE HEE!

WHY, 'JOE'... HOW YOU'VE CHANGED!

TO COVER HER EMBARRASSMENT, BETTY TRIES TO SHOW OFF!

COME ON, SLOWPOKE! I CAN BEAT YOU SKATING BACKWARDS

BEWARE THIN ICE



SCRAPING CHUNKS OF ICE FROM THE UNDERSIDE OF THE FROZEN CRUST, SUPERBOY MOLDS THEM INTO AN ICY DUMMY INSIDE HIS CLOTHES...

YOUR FACE WILL BE A LITTLE PALE, 'CLARK'... BUT THEY'LL THINK IT'S FROM THE COLD!

HE'S GOT CLARK!

MOMENTS LATER...

I'M TAKING HIM TO THE CLUB-HOUSE! THERE'S A STOVE INSIDE!

ONCE INSIDE THE EMPTY SHED, SUPERBOY RESUMES HIS OTHER IDENTITY, AS THE OTHERS ARRIVE.

CLARK! BUT WHERE'S SUPERBOY?

OH...HE SAID HE HAD AN APPOINTMENT.

WITH CLARK KENT!

CLARK, YOU'RE A BRAVE BOY, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GET PNEUMONIA! YOU GO RIGHT HOME AND SOAK YOUR FEET IN HOT WATER.

B-BUT, BETTY... WHO'LL TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE?

OH...I'LL MANAGE SOMEHOW, NOW YOU GO HOME AND GET UNDER SOME WARM BLANKETS!

BETTY, YOU MEAN WELL, BUT YOUR GOOD INTENTIONS ARE NOT DOING ME ANY GOOD!

AND SO TWO PEOPLE ARE HOMEWARD BOUND, EACH ASKING THE SAME QUESTION...

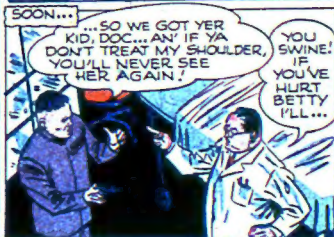
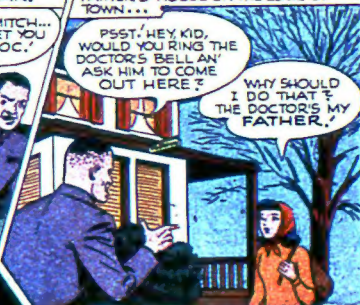
HOW CAN I GO TO THE DANCE NOW?



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY, THE CRASHING OF GUNS SIGNALS A JAIL BREAK!



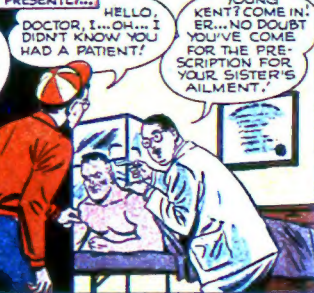
LATER... AS BETTY APPROACHES HER FATHER'S HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

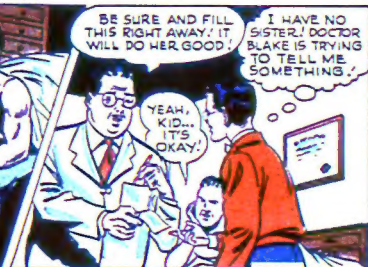


AT THE SAME TIME, CLARK GETS AN IDEA.

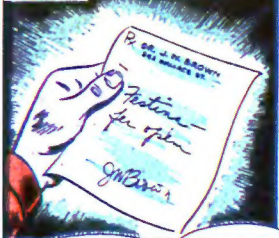


PRESENTLY...





ONCE OUTSIDE, CLARK SCANS THE PAPER...



WITH ONE TERRIFIC SQUEEZE, SUPERBOY COMPRESSES THE LEAD BULLETS INTO A SINGLE METAL BALL, AND...



UPON LEARNING THE FACTS, SUPERBOY QUESTIONS THE CONVICT...



LATER... AT THE ABANDONED MILL.



USING HIS X-RAY VISION, SUPERBOY PLANS A RUSE!



SWOOPING DOWN, SUPERBOY SETS HIS POWERFUL LEGS POUNDING AT THE WATERWHEEL'S PADDOLES!



OH... MY GUN... HE'S
COMIN' AFTER
ME!



AN ICE-BOAT!
THEY'RE FAST
AS THE WIND!

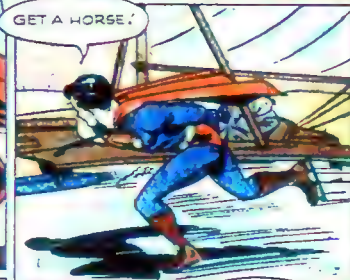


BUT, EVEN AS THE ICE-BOAT SPURTS
FORWARD, SUPERBOY PICKS UP ICE
SKATES FALLEN FROM THE SEAT.



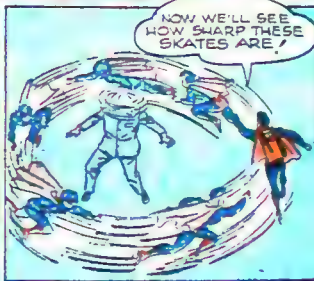
I MIGHT AS WELL
HAVE SOME FUN
WHILE I'M AT IT.

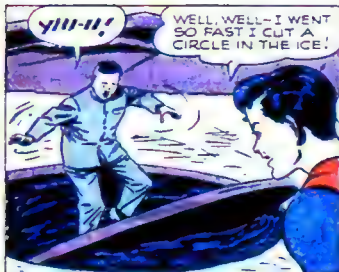
GET A HORSE!



WHOA!

NOW WE'LL SEE
HOW SHARP THESE
SKATES ARE!





YU-UI!

WELL, WELL—I WENT SO FAST I CUT A CIRCLE IN THE ICE!

LATER... AFTER RETURNING THE CONVICTS TO PRISON AND BETTY TO HER HOME, SUPERBOY RESUMES HIS ROLE OF CLARK KENT...

CLARK, NOW WE'LL SEE ABOUT YOUR COLD!

OH, THAT SUPERBOY! HE'S WONDERFUL! HE'S SUPER!

IT SEEMS BETTY WON'T BE TOO HAPPY DANCING WITH CLARK! OH, WELL, WHO AM I TO STAND IN THE WAY OF A GIRL'S HAPPINESS?



WHEN A THERMOMETER IS PLACED IN HIS MOUTH, CLARK REMOVES IT WITH SUPER-SPEED AND SWIFTLY RUBS IT WITH HIS STRONG HANDS...

THE RESULTING FRICTION WILL HEAT THE GLASS QUICKLY! NOW TO REPLACE IT IN MY MOUTH!



WHY, YOU'VE GOT A TEMPERATURE OF 102! YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY FEVERISH! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY IN BED!

OH, DADDY... WHO CAN I GET TO TAKE ME TO THE DANCE NOW?

BETTY... I... UH... HAVE A SUGGESTION...

AND THAT NIGHT, BETTY HAS A DANCING PARTNER!

IT WAS NICE OF CLARK TO GET YOU TO SUBSTITUTE FOR HIM! POOR CLARK... HE'S MISSING ALL THE FUN!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



Pete

REISER

**CHAMPION
BASE STEALER
OF THE
MAJOR
LEAGUES**

I JUST COULDN'T
HELP IT, YOUR
HONOR



"PISTOL PETE" WAS
CHARGED WITH
34 STOLEN BASES
DURING 1946. HE
COMMITTED 6 MORE
FELONIES THAN ANY
OTHER CUSHION COPPER IN
BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL



WHERE
DID I PICK
THIS UP?



DON'T CATCH

ME MISSING AN IMPORTANT MEAL
LIKE BREAKFAST WHEN A DISH OF MILK,
FRUIT, AND WHEATIES IS ON THE MENU,"
SAYS CHAMPION PETE REISER. "THOSE
WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES COME THROUGH
IN THE NOURISHMENT DEPARTMENT
-AND THEY'VE GOT A FLAVOR THAT
MAKES 'EM MIGHTY EASY TO TAKE."
MAKE IT WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS," EVERY MORNING

AMONG REISER'S LOOT
WERE 7 THEFTS OF
HOME PLATE. WITH THESE
MASTER BURGLARIES, PETE
CARRIED OFF A MODERN
MAJOR LEAGUE
RECORD

THERE'S
NO PLATE
LIKE HOME



WHEATIES

BREAKFAST

WITH MILK
AND
FRUIT

OF CHAMPIONS

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"
are registered trade marks of
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AQUAMAN



WHILE THE STARS LOOK DOWN ON CRIME, AQUAMAN FINDS TREACHERY ON THE HIGH SEAS AND IN THE HIGH SKIES—AGAINST A BACK-GROUND HERETOFORE SEEN ONLY ON LAND!

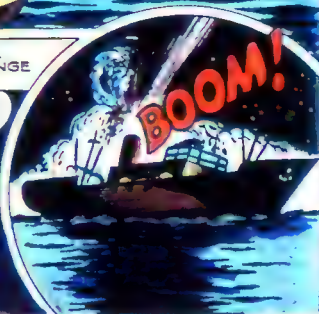
THE DARING SEA SLEUTH NEVER NEEDED MORE COURAGE, MORE RESOURCEFULNESS THAN NOW—AS HE FIGHTS THE STRANGEST VILLAIN OF HIS CAREER IN...

"THE FLOATING OBSERVATORY!"

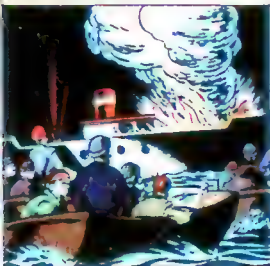
NIGHT IN THE PACIFIC...AND FROM THE BRIDGE OF A MERCHANT SHIP A STRANGE PHENOMENON IS SEEN...

LOOKS LIKE A SHOOTING STAR! BUT—

IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR OUR SHIP!

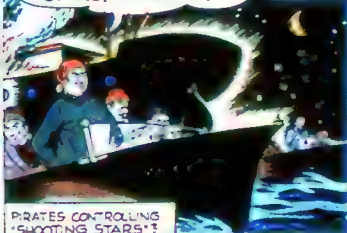


AS FIRE AND PANIC SPREAD, THREE SMALL BOATS APPROACH THE STRICKEN SHIP...



LATER, THE PIRATE BOATS LEAVE, HEAVY WITH LOOT!

THREE SHIPS IN THREE NIGHTS! AN' WE OWE IT ALL TO OUR SHOOTIN' STARS! HAW! HAW!



PIRATES CONTROLLING 'SHOOTING STARS'? HOW IS IT DONE?

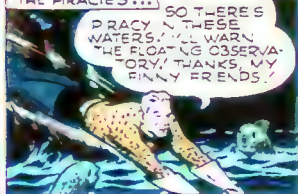
A FLOATING OBSERVATORY? YES, IT'S THE IDEA OF A NOTED ASTRONOMER, PROFESSOR HOGART, WHO, A YEAR AGO TALKED A GROUP OF BANKERS INTO FINANCING HIS PLAN...

ARMED MEN QUICKLY BOARD THE BIG SHIP AND PRACY LIVES AGAIN ON THE HIGH SEAS!



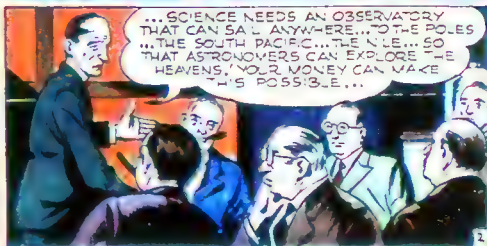
DON'T NOBODY MOVE! ME, I'M JOE SATURN... AND I'M TAKIN' OVER DIS SHIP!

NEXT DAY, AQUAMAN, SLEUTH OF THE SEVEN SEAS, GETS WORD OF THE PIRACIES...

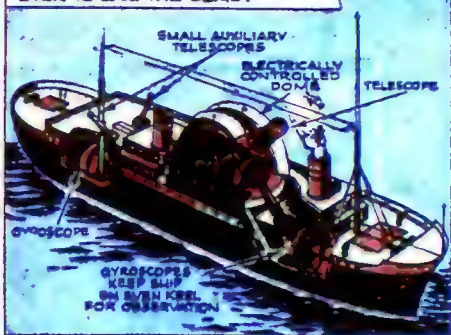


SO THERE'S PRACY IN THESE WATERS! I'LL WARN THE FLOATING OBSERVATORY! THANKS, MY FINNY FRIENDS!

...SCIENCE NEEDS AN OBSERVATORY THAT CAN SA'L ANYWHERE...TO THE POLES...THE SOUTH PACIFIC...THE NILE... SO THAT ASTRONOMERS CAN EXPLORE THE HEAVENS! YOUR MONEY CAN MAKE THIS POSSIBLE...



THE RESULT—THE STRANGEST SHIP
EVER TO SAIL THE SEAS.



AND NOW, AQUAMAN
BOARDS THIS ODD SHIP!

HELLO, UP THERE!
I'M COMING
ABOARD!



CUT HIM DOWN
TO MY SIZE,
BOYS!



TOUGH ODDS, EVEN FOR AQUAMAN!



LATER... INSIDE THE GREAT SHELL HOUSING THE TELESCOPE...

... IN CASE A NAVY BOAT CRUISES BY, I BRING THE PROFESSOR UP ON DECK, AND HE MAKES LIKE EVERYTHING IS OKAY—IF HE DON'T, HIS PALS GET GUNNED.

YOUR ROUND, SATURN, BUT WHERE ARE PROFESSOR HOGART AND HIS ASSOCIATES?

DOWN IN THE HOLD, DON'T FRET, WATERBOY, I'M LETTING THEM LIVE...

THAT'S A LOT OF RISK FOR A HIDEOUT. WHAT'S YOUR REAL REASON?

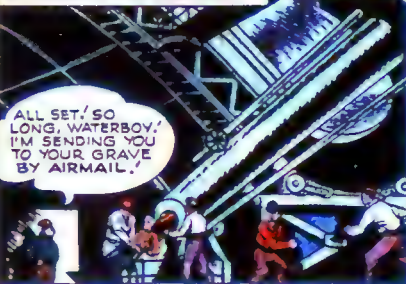
YOU'RE SMART, WATERBOY. YEAH, I GOT OTHER REASONS... TWO OF 'EM.

"ONE—WITH THAT HIGH POWER TELESCOPE, I CAN SPOT SHIPS MILES AWAY BEFORE THEY EVEN SEE OUR MASTS."

REASON TWO—THE OPENINGS IN THE TELESCOPE'S SUPPORTING TUBES MAKE SWELL LAUNCHING PLATFORMS FOR MY ROCKET BOMBS.

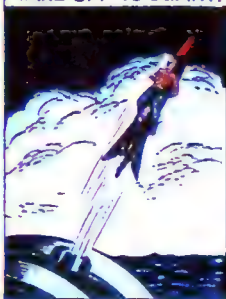
YEAH... ROCKETS PAINTED BLACK, AND, IN ACTION, THEY LOOK LIKE SHOOTIN' STARS. NOW... WHEEL IN THAT ROCKET WITH THE DUD NOSE, BOYS—WE'RE GONNA SEND AQUAMAN FOR A RIDE!

THEN JOE SATURN ORDERS THE TELESCOPE TO BE TURNED ON ITS AXIS AND...



ALL SET! SO LONG, WATERBOY! I'M SENDING YOU TO YOUR GRAVE BY AIRMAIL!

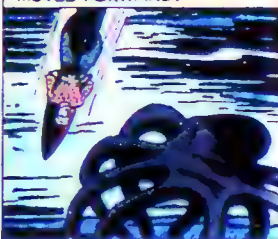
TAKE-OFF TO DEATH!



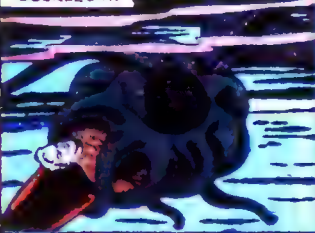
HIGHER... HIGHER... THEN DOWN... DOWN... AND INTO THE SEA!



BELOW THE SURFACE... SINKING... HELPLESS... AS A GIANT SQUID MOVES FORWARD!



THE SQUID'S TENTACLES TAKE HOLD... TIGHTEN! AND SLOWLY, UNDER THAT TERRIBLE PRESSURE, THE ROCKET BUCKLES...



AQUAMAN'S ROPES SLACKEN... AND HE SWIMS FREE!

THANKS, PAL SQUID! ANYONE NOT UNDERSTANDING THE TELEPATHIC LANGUAGE OF US SEA PEOPLE PROBABLY WOULD THINK YOU WERE TRYING TO KILL ME! BUT YOU PUT THE PRESSURE ON THE ROCKET—NOT ON ME!





MOMENTS LATER—A SURPRISE ATTACK!

ARE THOSE YOUR
TEETH RATTLING,
MUG?

Y-YAA-A-A-A,
AQUAMAN!



CHIEF—HE'S
BACK!
AQUAMAN'S
BACK!

HUH? THAT GUY'S GOT
MORE LIVES THAN A
CATFISH! WHERE
IS HE?



**A ROPE LOOPS INTO PLACE—AND
AQUAMAN SWINGS INTO SPACE!**

ONE SHOOTING
STAR—RETURNING
BY AIRMAIL!



**ONCE AGAIN, AQUAMAN USES THE
TELEPATHIC LANGUAGE OF SEA CREATURES
TO ENLIST ODD ALLIES!**

YOW! I CAN'T
MOVE MY LEGS!

SINCE THIS IS AN
OBSERVATORY, I
INVITED SOME
STAR FISH!



AT THE MOMENT HE'S VERY BUSY!

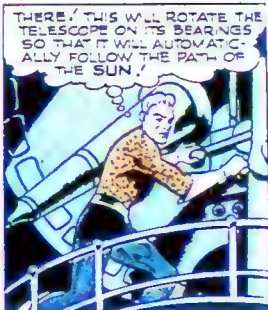


WHAT... NO
TRAFFIC LIGHTS
ON THIS SHIP?

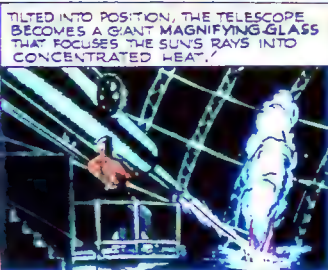




S'MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR FEET AND PUMP IT INTO WATERBOY!



THERE! THIS WILL ROTATE THE TELESCOPE ON ITS BEARINGS SO THAT IT WILL AUTOMATICALLY FOLLOW THE PATH OF THE SUN!



TILTED INTO POSITION, THE TELESCOPE BECOMES A GIANT MAGNIFYING GLASS THAT FOCUSES THE SUN'S RAYS INTO CONCENTRATED HEAT!



SATURN, ORDER YOUR MEN TO DROP THEIR GUNS! THEN HAVE ONE OF THEM RELEASE PROFESSOR HOGART AND HIS MEN! DO IT—OR ELSE!

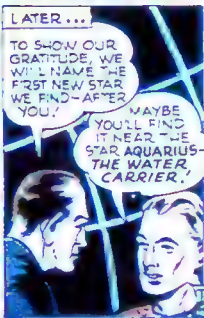
(GULP) YA WOULDN'T DARE, 'O? WOULD YA?



HERE'S MY ANSWER—A MASS HOTFOOT!

YOW! YIPE!

Y-YOU WIN, WATERBOY! YOU GIVE THE ORDERS FROM NOW ON!



LATER...

TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE, WE WILL NAME THE FIRST NEW STAR WE FIND—AFTER YOU!

MAYBE YOU'LL FIND IT NEAR THE STAR AQUARIUS—THE WATER CARRIER!

FACE
PIONEER PERILS

WITH
TOMAHAWK

EACH
MONTH
IN



**LOOK AT BILL'S SHIRT! GEE WHIZ—
BILL'S ANIMAL PICTURES!**

HEY BILL—WAIT UP!
WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE
NEAT PICTURES!

THEY'RE CALLED "HOT IRON TRANSFERS"—
MOM JUST PRESSES THEM ON WITH A HOT IRON.
YOU GET ONE AS A PRIZE IN EVERY PACKAGE
OF KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT!

THAT'S FOR US!

HERE'S THE LATEST
—A SEAL!

GOSH! SUCK PICTURES
AND KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT
TOO! M-M-M-M-

WE CAN SWAP EXTRAS
AND GET A WHOLE SET!

**GENUINE HOT IRON TRANSFERS—
a picture prize in every package!**

EASY—Mom just irons 'em on! Come
out sharp and clear—stand many wash-
ings. There's one as a prize in every
package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat!

HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PICTURES
TO WEAR ON SHIRTS AND
BANDANNAS—IN KELLOGG'S
SHREDDED WHEAT!

BIG!
up to 4½" long
2½" wide

**Kellogg's
SHREDDED
WHEAT**

KIDS LOVE IT, MOM! Full of
that can't-be-copied Kellogg flavor!
Full of good old-fashioned, energy-giv-
ing nourishment, too!

The SHINING KNIGHT



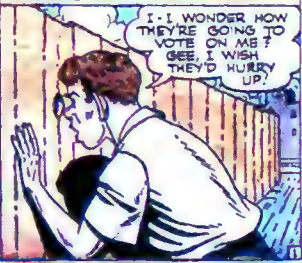
THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE WERE BIGGER AND WEALTHIER THAN THE "KNIGHTS" OF THE ROUNDHOUSE TABLE, BUT THEY HAD NOTHING ON THOSE YOUNGSTERS WHEN IT CAME TO KNIGHTLY ADVENTURES. THAT'S WHY ERNIE WANTED SO MUCH TO BE A MEMBER. BUT HE HAD TO HAVE THE HELP OF THE SHINING KNIGHT HIMSELF, BEFORE HE HEARD THE WELCOME OF SOMEWHAT TWISTED WORDS..

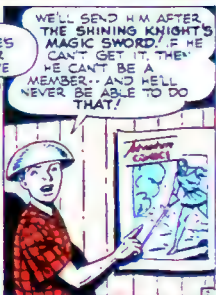
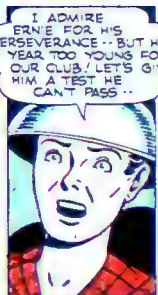
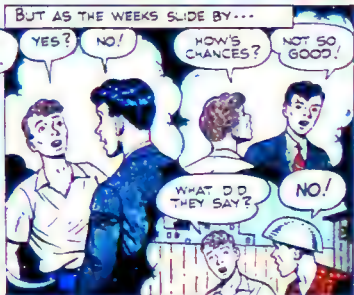
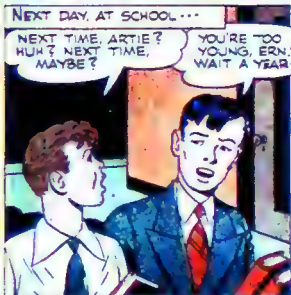
"We Knight Thee Dub!"

THIS IS ROUNDHOUSE CAMELOT, WHERE KING ARTIE BURR RULES WITH STERN VOICE (AND BRUISED KNUCKLES)...



AND THIS IS ERNIE LAWSON WHO WOULD GIVE HIS BRAND-NEW CATCHER'S MITT TO BE A KNIGHT!





SOME MILES ACROSS TOWN IN THE OFFICE OF THE CURATOR OF THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM ---

JUSTIN, MY JOB IS AT STAKE! THE AUTHORITIES CLAIM THE MUSEUM ISN'T ATTRACTING THE CHILDREN!

HMM... MAYBE WE AREN'T GIVING THEM WHAT THEY WANT...

SUPPOSE WE TAKE A POLL OF THE KIDS, PROFESSOR? FIND OUT WHAT THEY WANT?

IT'S A GOOD IDEA, IF IT WILL WORK...

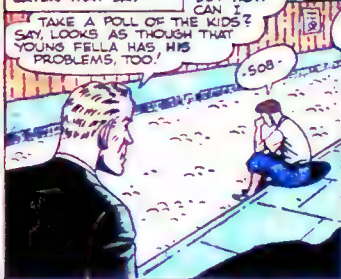


LATER THAT DAY...

TAKE A POLL OF THE KIDS? SAY, LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT YOUNG FELLA HAS HIS PROBLEMS, TOO!

BUT HOW CAN I

SOB



YOU AND I HAVE PROBLEMS, OLDTIMER-- I HAVE TO FIND OUT WHAT KIDS WANT AT THE MUSEUM-- WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU?

BUT MY TROUBLE IS WORSE...



SO NOW THEY TELL ME I HAVE TO GET THE SHINING KNIGHT'S MAGIC SWORD!

HMM... MAYBE WE CAN FIX THAT!

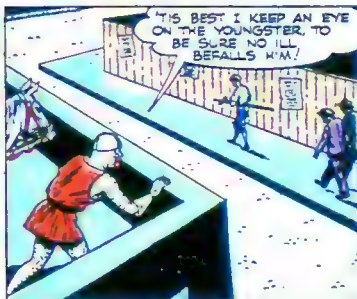
YOU THINK SO? OH, SIR, IF YOU CAN, I'LL START A POLL OF MY SCHOOL, AND GET MY PALS TO START POLLS IN THEIRS...

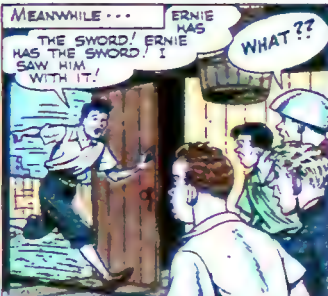
WE'LL MAKE YOUR MUSEUM THE MOST POPULAR PLACE IN TOWN!

AND YOU THE MOST POPULAR BOY IN THE ROUNDHOUSE TABLE! YOU GET THAT POLL AND I'LL GET YOUR SWORD!











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DISTRESS SIGNAL

by Blair Bolton

THE two old cronies sat beside the roaring fire in the cabin, swapping yarns. Pay dirt couldn't be panned with ice freezing the streams, so Pop Calvin had an enforced vacation. Not that he minded. It wasn't often that Sheriff Berks dropped in, and Pop was glad to have time for a visit with his old friend.

"Yep, seems like it was only yesterday that you wuz bouncing my Freddie on your knee, Sheriff."

Sheriff Berks grinned. "Sure does." He looked up at the strip of wood which served as a shelf over the fireplace. On it was a picture of a smiling young man in a sailor's flat top. Pop's kid, Freddie. Besides the picture there was a heterogeneous collection of war souvenirs, sent to Pop by Freddie, from all over the world. Not only on the mantelpiece, but all over the room were war souvenirs and curios—Japanese swords, Nazi helmets, belt buckles, a very-light pistol, even rockets used as distress signals by forced-down Navy pilots, were included.

"So the lad's on his way home, Pop," the sheriff said.

"Yeah," Pop drawled happily. "And he's going to have a nice grubstake when he gets here, the way I've been panning gold lately."

This was what the sheriff had been leading up to. "Look, Pop," he said. "Word's got around that you haven't been going to the bank lately. That means you've got a lot of gold around the house." He tamped his pipe, cast a glance sideways at the old sourdough. "And you living alone while Freddie's away is a temptation for some people. Particularly Frenchy Bolday."

Pop laughed. He pointed to a holster hanging on the wall. "I can still handle that six-shooter. And as for Frenchy Bolday, I ain't afeared of him either."

Sheriff Berks shook his head. Frenchy had recently escaped from the State penitentiary, to which he had been sent for holding up a stage coach. Frenchy had boasted he'd kill Pop, who

had been a passenger in the coach and had single-handedly overcome the holdup man and turned him over to the sheriff.

Pop chuckled, noting Berks' worried frown. "Don't you worry, Sheriff. I'll be all right. And Freddie will be home soon."

Sheriff Berks rapped out his pipe, prepared to go home. "Well, Pop, take care of yourself. Gotta be going along."

"Sure, sure." The old man went to the door with his friend. It was blowing hard outside, but snow wasn't falling yet, though there was a hint of it in the air.

The two men stood for a moment framed in the doorway, unaware that hostile eyes watched them. Hidden by the darkness, Frenchy Bolday, his finger on the trigger of a .30-30 carbine, waited tensely. He itched to send a slug into the Sheriff. But he had decided to let the chance go. He was after bigger game—Pop Calvin's gold poke.

Heavily bearded by a growth that served as a disguise, making him look like a prospector, Frenchy had visited the saloon in town where he heard about Pop's pay dirt. So he had decided to steal the poke before killing the old man.

Now he watched as Berks mounted his horse and left. As soon as the sheriff was out of sight, Frenchy rapped on the door of Pop's cabin.

Pop opened it, thinking Berks had forgotten something. His eyes widened but he locked unflinchingly at the rifle pointed at his heart. "Just back up," Frenchy Bolday said, "and stand over by the fireplace."

"Bolday!" The accent had revealed to Pop the identity hidden by the heavy beard. "Why, you ornery..."

The back of Frenchy's hand struck the old man's face, sent him reeling. "Hold thee tongue," Frenchy rasped. "Get me thee gold. And some food."

Pop knew murder when he saw it in someone's eyes. Without further ado, Pop bent down, lifted a loose floorboard and brought out six bags of gold. Frenchy's eyes gleamed. "You are a smart man, Pop. And now," he waved the gun, "food and hot coffee."

There was beans and meat on the fireplace grill. Pop reached up to the mantel for a tin plate and his eyes stopped on Freddie's war souvenirs. He paused, his eyes widened by a sudden thought. Then he reached for a tin plate—and shoved one of the souvenirs to the floor. It fell with a thud into the log bin beneath the mantel.

Frenchy had settled stiffly into a chair beside the table. "Hurry that grub," he said heavily.

Pop filled the plate and set it in front of Frenchy. "I've got to put some more logs on the fire to heat the coffee," Pop said.

Frenchy waved to him to do so. Already his huge jaws were chewing at the food. Pop's heart beat a little faster as, his back to Frenchy, he put logs on the fire.

Pop brought coffee to the table, and sat

down. Frenchy's back was to the fireplace, thank heavens—

The moments dragged by. Pop's spirits sank as Frenchy began pulling on his coat, the pay-dirt now tied securely around his middle. Frenchy would surely shoot him before he left with the gold . . .

Frenchy reached for his rifle—and there was a sudden gust of wind in the room as the cabinet door burst open. Two guns barked almost simultaneously. The surprised Frenchy dropped a bullet in his chest.

Sheriff Berks stood in the doorway, smoking Colt in his hand. He grinned at Pop. "Phea," he said, "I'm sure glad I didn't mistake those rockets you sent up for Northern lights. Pop! I turned back the minute I saw them."

Pop grinned, winked at Freddie's picture on the mantelpiece. So his ruse had worked! With the logs he had placed on the fire, Pop had snaked in the bundle of the Navy rockets that had fallen from the mantel.

"Wait'll we tell Freddie how them rockets saved his stake and my life!" he said.

ADVERTISEMENT

TRAPPING THE BANK ROBBER

GEE--LOOK AT THAT MAN CLIMBING IN THAT WINDOW!

THAT'S THE BANK! WE MUST BE A CROOK! LET'S TRY TO CATCH HIM.

EVERYBODY BACK OUTA SIGHT! LISTEN FELLAS--GET YOUR FLASHLIGHTS READY! THEN AT MY SIGNAL---

OH! THESE BRIGHT LIGHTS-- I CAN'T SEE!

EVERYBODY--RUSH HIM!

CAUGHT! AND BY KIDS WITH FLASHLIGHTS!

OUCH!

YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHTS AND BATTERIES!

GIVES MORE BRIGHT LIGHT LONGER!

BRIGHT STAR

GET A BRIGHT STAR FLASHLIGHT ALSO!

THE GREEN ARROW

IT'S A SMALL
WORLD... BUT THAT
BALEFUL BUFFOON,
BULL'S-EYE SETS A
RECORD WHEN HE MAKES
A 'ROUND-THE-GLOBE
TOUR IN A DAY -
WITHOUT LEAVING THE CITY
LIMITS! AND HIS FANTASTIC FEAT
IS REWARDED IN KIND WHEN
GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY
HIT THE TARGET DEAD CENTER
AS THEY SEND WHIZZING
SHAFTS AFTER THE
MIRTHFUL MENACE IN...
"THE ROUND-THE-
GLOBE CRIMES!"

HIT THE
BULL'S-EYE!
COSTS
NOTHING -
UNLESS YOU
MISS!

JAN 1941

A TRAVEL POSTER INTRIGUES OLIVER QUEEN AND ROY HARPER...

LOOK, OLIVER—THE BULL'S-EYE'S SIGNATURE!

SO IT IS, ROY! TIME FOR THE GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY TO STRING THEIR BOWS FOR ACTION!

TRAVEL FOR PLEASURE

SHORTLY, AT "WORLD TOURS, INC."—

LINE UP FOR A ONE-WAY TICKET TO JAIL, BULL'S-EYE!

GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY! AGAIN TRYING TO HIT THE BULL'S-EYE! HA, HA! I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE MY SIGN!



YES, THE BULL'S-EYE TIPS THE GREEN ARROW OFF TO HIS CRIMES BEFORE THEY'RE COMMITTED—FOR THE THRILL!

YIPE! I'M PINNED TO DEVIL'S ISLAND!

IT'S SOUTH AMERICA FOR ME!

CALIFORNIA RICH IN HISTORY!

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT BRAZIL

GIVE UP OR BE NAILED TO THE WALL!

CAREFUL! REMEMBER, IT COSTS YOU A DIME IF YOU MISS!

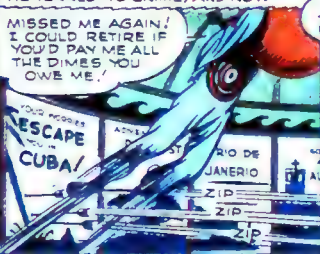


BULL'S-EYE WAS ONCE LEAPO, FAMOUS ACROBATIC CLOWN, BEFORE HE TURNED TO CRIME, AND NOW—

MISSED ME AGAIN! I COULD RETIRE IF YOU'D PAY ME ALL THE DIMES YOU OWE ME!

BUT LOOK AT ALL THE FUN I'D MISS IF I RETIRED!

TA, TA, BOYS!



LATER, IN HIS HIDEOUT, BULL'S-EYE READS OF HIS ANTICS - AND IS NOT PLEASED ...

BAH! LOCAL YOKEL THEY CALL ME, AND THE GREEN ARROW GETS ALL THE BOUQUETS.

NEWS OF
GREEN ARROW
STOPS HOLD-UP
BUT MISSES
BULLS-EYE
LOCAL YOKEL
FLEES FROM
ARCHER

MY NAME IS THE ONE THAT SHOULD BE FAMOUS - AND I'LL FIND A WAY TO MAKE IT SO!

CHEE, BULL'S-EYE - I ALWAYS WANTED TO GO 'ROUND DA WOLD.

I HAVE IT! I'LL MAKE A 'ROUND-THE-WORLD TOUR IN A NEW WAY - WITHOUT LEAVING TOWN. IT'LL BE THE MOST SENSATIONAL ACT OF MY CAREER.

ONE OF US IS LOONY, BOSS.

NEXT DAY THE CITY IS STARTLED BY A BOASTFUL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE GREEN ARROW WILL STOP HIM!

SEE GREEN ARROW PROVED AS A DUD AS HE MISSES THE BULLS-EYE IN ALL LANGUAGES!

WATCH BULLS-EYE AS HE MAKES A TRIUMPHAL TOUR!

IF ONLY WE KNEW WHERE HE'S GOING FIRST... AND HOW -

IT'S A CHALLENGE, ALL RIGHT, BUT HE'LL SEE THAT WE PICK UP HIS TRAIL.

CALLING ALL CARS! RIOT AT ZOK MOTION PICTURE STUDIO! PROCEED AT ONCE!

ZOK IS FLYING A BULL-FIGHTING PICTURE, 'IN OLD SPAIN.' I WONDER...?

AT THE STUDIO, CAMERAS ARE SHOOTING THE BIG BULL-FIGHT SCENE...

... AND SUDDENLY A GROTESQUE FIGURE DRIFTS INTO THE ARENA!

HE'S RUINING OUR FILM! THROW THE GUY OUT!

TAKE IT EASY! THAT'S BULL'S-EYE!

VAMOS, OR SHALL I STAB ZE BULL'S-EYE INSTEAD OF ZE BULL!

HA, HA! IT COSTS YOU A DIME IF YOU MISS... AND EVERYBODY MISSES!

TAKE A SHOT AT BULL'S-EYE, FOLKS... COSTS NOTHING UNLESS YOU MISS!

MEANWHILE, THE BUFFOON'S HENCHMEN ROB THE STUDIO PAYMASTER...

GIVE US DA ACTORS' PAYROLL, HURRY, OR WE'LL PLUG YUH!

DON'T SHOOT, HERE IT IS!

BUT AS THE BANDITS LEAVE...

HOLD THAT POSE!

GREEN ARROW AND SPEEDY!

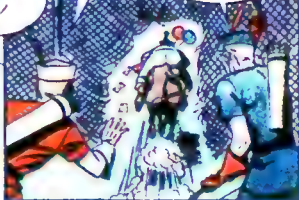
A SNARL OF ARROWLINE TRAPS THE TWO THUGS, BUT THEIR MOTLEY MASTER ARRIVES IN TIME!

BULL'S-EYE ON A BULL!

TOO BAD YOU ALWAYS TRAP MY STOOGES... I'LL CARRY THE SWAG MYSELF!

HE GOT AWAY— RIGHT THROUGH THE FENCE!

HE WON'T GET AWAY IF WE MAKE OUR NEXT SHOTS COUNT!



THE PLUNGING BEAST IS HALTED ABRUPTLY, BUT LIKE A HUMAN SKYROCKET, ITS RIDER SOARS AWAY TRAILING JET SMOKE... AND MOCKING MIRTH...



HA, HA! MISSED AGAIN! SO I ROCKET ON MY WAY TO MY NEXT FOREIGN PORT OF CALL!

SOON, IN ONE OF THE MANY COLORFUL FOREIGN SECTIONS OF THE CITY...

SO I FIGURE BULL'S-EYE'S WORLD TOUR WILL TAKE PLACE RIGHT IN TOWN! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR TARGETS, SPEEDY! THEY'RE OUR ONLY CLUE!

LOOK! THERE'S ONE!



INSIDE THE CAFE...

IT'S A SMALL WORLD, YOU GRINNING RAT!

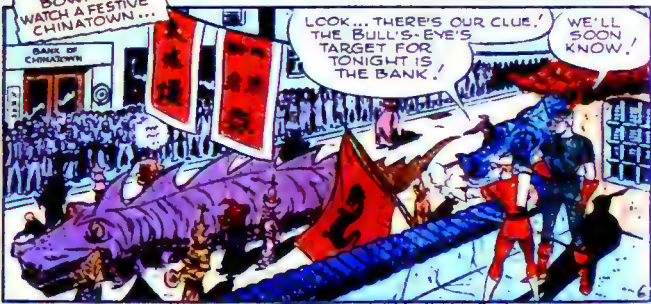
FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!



KEEP DODGING, RAT. AND SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL STEP RIGHT INTO AN ARROW!

OH, MY! OUT OF PRACTICE, AREN'T YOU?





SUDDENLY, A DRAGON LEAVES THE PARADE AND AIMS ITS FLAMING BREATH AGAINST THE BANK'S DOORS.

A-LEE! AN EVIL SPIRIT IS UPON US!

UNDER THE TERRIFIC HEAT, THE METAL DOORS MELT AND OPEN...

IT'S BULL'S-EYE! HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO STOP US?

AN ARROWLINE IS THE SHORTEST ROUTE ACROSS THE STREET!

LOOKS AS THOUGH THE POLICE HAVE THINGS IN HAND!

I'M NOT SO SURE!

STAND BACK! THERE ARE GRENADES IN THE DRAGON!

WE CAN'T ENTER!

IN THE ALLEY, A CAR AWAITS THE ROBBERS AND THEIR LOOT...

HOW DID THAT PAPER TARGET GET THERE?

WHO CARES? WE CAN SMASH RIGHT THROUGH IT!

JUST THEN, TWO FIGURES SWING SILENTLY FROM THE BANK'S ROOF!

THEY'RE READY TO LEAVE! C'MON, SPEEDY!

RIGHT WITH YOU!

AND NOW—IT'S IN-FIGHTING AND NO HOLDS BARRED!

THIS S TOO MUCH.

RECLINE, CHUM!

AGHH!

HE WHO LAUGHS AND RUNS AWAY WILL LIVE TO LAUGH ANOTHER DAY! HA HA HA HA!

THAT PAPER TARGET WON'T STOP YOU—BUT MAYBE WE WILL.

BULL'S-EYE!

PERFECT AIM, GREEN ARROW! HE CRASHED RIGHT INTO OUR PATROL WAGON.

NOTHING TO TELL WHEN I KNEW WHERE HE WAS GOING TO STRIKE, IT WAS A CHINCH TO FIGURE HIS GETAWAY PLAN—AND EXACT FOR YOU TO BE WAITING.

NEXT DAY, NOLVER QUEEN'S HOME...

WE ESCAPED BEFORE, AND HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO DO IT AGAIN.

WELL—WE'VE CAUGHT HIM BEFORE, AND WE CAN DO IT AGAIN... IF NECESSARY!

FOR MORE GREEN ARROW SPINE-TINGLERS

READ
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS
AS WELL AS
ADVENTURE COMICS!

LEARN

INSIDE BASEBALL

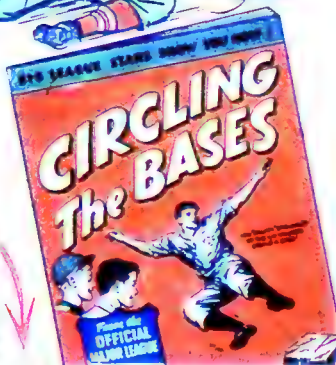
FROM BIG LEAGUE STARS!



LOOK! JUST LIKE
THE BIG LEAGUERS
DO IT!



SEND FOR IT
TODAY!



● You'll star on the bases—be the envy of your team—when you get all the "inside dope" from this exciting picture book! The champion base stealers and speed kings of the American League—"Snuffy" Starness of the N. Y. Yankees, George Case and George Mvatt of the Senators—show you how to run . . . how to slide . . . how to steal. It's all there in easy-reading comic book style—with a hundred full-color, action pictures taken from the Spalding co-sponsored OFFICIAL AMERICAN LEAGUE FILM!

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SPALDING

The Name That's OFFICIAL with America

Johnny Quick

and his
MAGIC
FORMULA

IMAGINE A CRIMINAL WHO ACCIDENTALLY UTTERS THE MAGIC FORMULA OF JOHNNY QUICK! IMAGINE JOHNNY QUICK TRYING TO OUT-GUESS AND OUT-RACE A CRIMINAL WITH THAT VERY SPEED HE'D ALWAYS THOUGHT TO BE HIS OWN! IMAGINE—BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO IMAGINE—FOR THIS NIGHTMARE ACTUALLY HAPPENS—AND JOHNNY QUICK FINDS HIS PHENOMENAL SPEED FACES ITS MOST GRUELING TEST WHEN HE IS PITTED AGAINST...

"THE SCOURGE OF SPEED!"

—MESKIN—

ONE AFTERNOON IN THE SCIENCE BUILDING OF STATE UNIVERSITY...

WINFIELD, HAVE YOU ANSWERED THAT PHYSICS PROBLEM YET?

I'M STILL WORKING ON IT, PROFESSOR.

THEN—THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENS. BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, THE STUDENT WRITES THE WRONG ANSWER ON THE BOARD—WHICH HAPPENS TO BE THE **MAGIC FORMULA OF JOHNNY QUICK!**

THIS MIGHT BE THE ANSWER.

BUT THE FORMULA MUST BE SPOKEN TO WORK! WILL THE STUDENT UNWITTINGLY REPEAT THE FORMULA... **ALoud**?

I THINK I HAVE IT, PROFESSOR! IT'S...

NEVER MIND. IT'S THREE O'CLOCK! CLASS DISMISSED!

3:55 P.M. INTO THE EMPTY LAB SNEAKS TIGER GAGE, WANTED DESPERADO WHO SEEKS REFUGE ON THE COLLEGE GROUNDS...

THE COPPERS WILL NEVER LOOK FOR ME IN A COLLEGE. GEE... I'M THIRSTY. MUST BE WATER IN THAT BOTTLE...

CLOSE. THE SECRET FORMULA IS STILL SECRET.

THE STUFF THESE COLLEGE KIDS LEARN. I WONDER WHAT THESE NUMBERS MEAN...? $3 \times 2 (9YZ) 4A...$

I NEEDED THIS!

OH, WELL—IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK. BETTER GET GOING.

AND AS THE CRIMINAL SPEAKS, THE MAGIC FORMULA THAT CORRELATES TIME AND SPACE FACTORS ENDOWS HIM WITH THE POWER OF SUPER-SPEED.

I'D BETTER
LAM BEFORE...
YOW! WHAT'S
HAPPENIN'?



AND JOHNNY QUICK'S SECRET IS STILL SAFE BECAUSE TIGER BELIEVES HIS NEW POWERS STEM FROM THE LIQUID HE HAS SIPPED.

THANKS TO THAT WATER, THE COPS CAN'T TOUCH ME, THEY'LL NEVER GET CLOSE ENOUGH, NOW I CAN PULL JOBS—
FAST JOBS.



AT EYE-BLURRING MOMENTUM, TIGER SCOOPS UP A MONEY BAG AND LEAVES, EASILY DODGING SLOWER BULLETS.



HAW-HAW! THIS BEING
AS FAST AS JOHNNY
QUICK SURE HAS
ITS ADVANTAGES.

WOW! I'M AS FAST AS JOHNNY QUICK! BUT HOW COME? HMM... THAT WATER I DRANK—I'LL BET IT WASN'T PLAIN WATER—THEY MUSTA BEEN USING IT FOR EXPERIMENTS! SURE, SOMETHING IN IT MAKES ME MOVE FAST!



FOUR HOURS LATER, AS A NEW STREAM-LINER, HIGHBALLS OVER SHINY RAILS...

WE'RE DOING 90 MILES
PER HOUR, AND (GULP)
THERE'S A GUY RUN-
NING ALONGSIDE!

NOW I'LL
JUST HOP
ABOARD...



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, ACE NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN, JOHNNY CHAMBERS, IS FILMING THE STREAMLINER'S FIRST RUN!



WHAT? EITHER THAT TRAIN
IS STANDING STILL OR...
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WANNA
BET?

NO BETS, TUBBY...
TILL I DO SOME
INVESTIGATING
AT FIRST HAND.
3X2(9YZ)4A-

FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT DAY, THE MAGIC
EQUATION GEARS ITS SPEAKER TO INCREDIBLE
SPEED!

JOHNNY QUICK
IN PERSON!
BUT WHAT AM I
AFRAID OF?—
I'M AS FAST
AS HE IS.

WHOOA, MISTER!
OOF!

MISSED! I'LL BET
THIS IS THE FIRST
TIME THAT EVER
HAPPENED TO
YOU, SPEED
KING!

AND I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME
YOU'VE EVER BEEN SOCKED WHILE
YOU WERE MOVING!

IF I GET
MY HANDS
ON YOU...!

YOU'RE SLOWING UP—
YOU OUGHTTA RETIRE!

AH! A TRACK-
LAYING CRANE!

WHY SHOULD I
BOTHER SWING-
ING MY FISTS—
WHEN I CAN
LAY YOU OUT
LIKE A TRACK!

6:15 P.M., AND A SORRY JOHNNY QUICK RISES WITH VISIBLE EFFORT...

OOOH, MY STOMACH... I WON'T BE ABLE TO EAT FOR A WEEK!

DON'T SAY THINGS LIKE THAT! YOU MUST BE RAVING!



I'M RAVING—MAD! THAT CROOK MADE ME LOOK SILLY! WELL...HE'S GONE... MIGHT AS WELL TURN OFF MY SPEED!

A4(2Y9)2X3...



BY SPEAKING THE FORMULA IN REVERSE, JOHNNY RENDERS ITS POWER INEFFECTUAL!

I DON'T FIGURE IT— THAT GUY WAS AS FAST AS YOU!

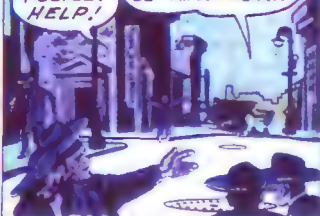
I'M AFRAID HE KNOWS MY SECRET FORMULA! I GUESS I'M IN FOR A BUSY TIME IN THE NEXT FEW HOURS!



8 P.M., AND BUSY IS THE WORD FOR TIGER AS HE TAKES OFF ON THE SWIFTEST CRIME ON RECORD!

POLICE! HELP!

PARDON MY SPEED, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!



AND THE NEWS REACHES JOHNNY VIA A PATROL CAR...

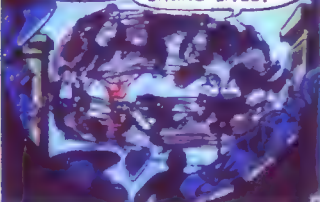
CALLING CAR 48... FAST RUNNING MAN HAS LOOTED JEWELRY SHOP AT PARK AND VADDEN AVENUES...

3X2(9Y2) 4A... NEVER A DULL MOMENT!



BUT UPON SIGHTING HIS NEMESIS, TIGER SWIFTLY CIRCLES AT EYE-BAFFLING SPEED, CREATING A CYCLONE.

JOHNNY QUICK'S A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR—HE'LL FORGET ME AND CONCENTRATE ON SAVING LIVES!



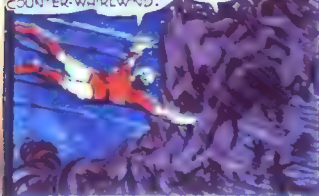


THE MAN-MADE SPINNING VORTEX PICKS UP INNOCENT BYSTANDERS AS HORRIFIED JOHNNY QUICK DIVES INTO ITS MIDST.

ONLY ONE THING TO DO—I'VE GOT TO CREATE A COUNTER-WHIRLWIND.

MOMMY, MOMMY.

HELP!



WHIRLING AT DIZZY SPEED, JOHNNY QUICK SPIRALS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO THE CYCLONE'S CURRENT.

IF THIS WORKS, THE FORCE OF THE CYCLONE WILL BE NEUTRALIZED IN A FEW SECONDS...



AND AS AIR FLOWS INTO THE VACUUM LEFT IN HIS WAKE, THE RUSHING WIND IS STOPPED, CUTTING THE TWISTER IN HALF.

DHH, YOU'RE WONDERFUL.

THANKS, YOU'RE CUTE, TOO!

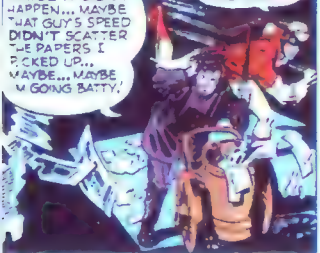


NOW...HOW AM I GOING TO PICK UP TIGER'S TRAIL AGAIN?

9:55 P.M.!

MAYBE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN... MAYBE THAT GUY'S SPEED DIDN'T SCATTER THE PAPERS I PICKED UP... MAYBE... MAYBE... I'M GOING BATTY!

OH-OH, TIGER MUST HAVE JUST PASSED, THIS WAY.

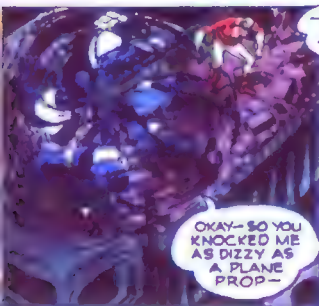
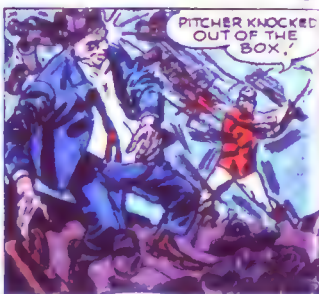
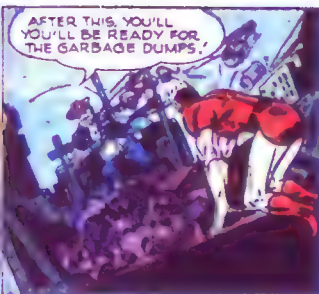


NOW, TIGER... I'M GOING TO TURN, ON SOME SPEED.

YOU, EH? OKAY... LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN FIGHT AS FAST AS YOU CAN TALK.



GET SET, YOU'RE GOING TO SEE THE FASTEST FIGHT ON RECORD AS TWO METEORIC MARVELS TRY TO OUTWIT, OUTBATTLE EACH OTHER WITH SUPER-SPEED!

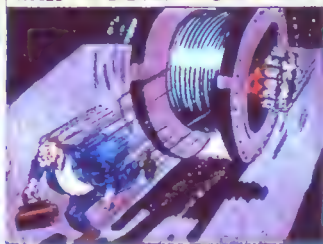


BUT TIGER'S MUSCLES ARE NOT YET ADAPTED TO THE TERRIFIC STRAIN OF SUPER-SPEED! HE BEGINS TO TIRED—AND RETIRE.

I... I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER! NOTHING STOPS THAT GUY!



SPYING A NEARBY SPOOL OF TELEPHONE WIRE CABLE, JOHNNY QUICK DIVES AND ROLLS AT EVER-INCREASING SPEED...



STRIKE! SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY!



DESPERATELY, TIGER RECOVERS... AND RACES UP THE GLASS TUBING OF A MONSTER AD DISPLAY—A 100 FOOT THERMOMETER.

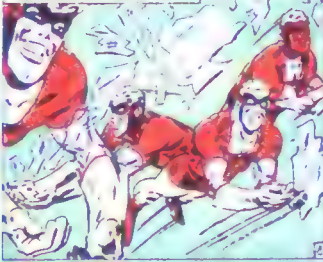


THE MOLECULAR FRICTION CREATED HEATS THE MERCURY UNTIL THE BUBBLING LIQUID EXPLODES THE CONFINING GLASS!



OH-OH! THE HOT MERCURY AND GLASS WILL FALL ON THE CROWD BELOW! UNLESS I ACT FAST!

AT EYE-BLURRING SPEED, JOHNNY QUICK DARTS ABOUT SNAGGING THE DANGEROUS SLIVERS OF GLASS...





SO PHENOMENAL IS HIS SPEED THAT A COLD WIND SPRINGS UP, FREEZING THE HEATED LIQUID INTO CRYSTALS OF ICE!



IT-IT'S RED SNOW!

AND THEN-AT TEN O'CLOCK!



TIGER DOESN'T KNOW THE SPOKEN FORMULA GRANTS SUPER-SPEED FOR ONLY SIX HOURS UNLESS YOU REPEAT THE FORMULA!



IF I COULD GET SOME MAGIC WATER, YOU'D NEVER GET ME!

MAGIC WATER? THEN HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE FORMULA AT ALL! HE GOT SUPER-SPEED BY SOME FREAK ACCIDENT! BUT WHERE? HOW? CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN?



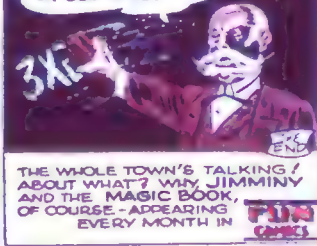
CAN IT? LET'S LOOK IN ON STATE UNIVERSITY AGAIN... THE NEXT MORNING!

PROFESSOR, THIS IS MY ANSWER TO THE PHYSICS PROBLEM YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY!

BUT THAT'S THE WRONG ANSWER! TCH-TCH!



TCH-TCH! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. WHY... THAT FORMULA HAS ABSOLUTELY NO MEANING OR USE AT ALL!



THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING! ABOUT WHAT? WHY JIMMINY AND THE MAGIC BOOK, OF COURSE - APPEARING EVERY MONTH IN

END
FIVE COMICS

COMPLETE YOUR HOME CIRCUS!

RING NO. 3 of Post's Cereal Circus
now ready! Shoot the little men from
the cannon! Make the lively black
leopard do real somersaults!

JUST TEN CENTS
and a GRAPE-NUTS
BOX TOP!

If you thought Ring No. 2 was fun—
wait, wait, wait till you get your
hands on Ring No. 3!

You can actually shoot the little
men from a cannon. The lively black
leopard does real somersaults. There
are cowboys, and bronchos that
sure-enough buck! And that's not
all....

You also get a fat lady, an India
rubber man, a bearded lady, a



strong man, a thin man, a clown, animal trainers, tigers,
lions, a giraffe, a steer, a performers' platform, and a
racing runway.

All animals and performers are made of heavy, durable
cardboard. They come in bright circus colors. Nothing to
cut or paste. Just press 'em out and put 'em together.

The whole business is yours for one dime and the top
of a package of Grape-Nuts. Get Grape-Nuts, the milky-
sweet, sugaroasted cereal that tastes like more. Rush your
box top and dime with coupon for POST'S CEREALS
CIRCLS, Ring No. 3.

Post's CEREALS CIRCUS
Box 239-B, Battle Creek, Michigan
Here's my box top. Here's my dime. Send me the
big Circus Ring No. 3.

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____

STATE _____



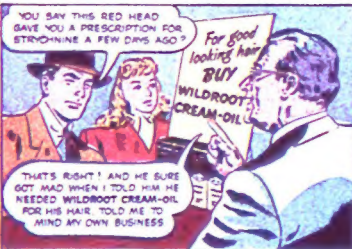
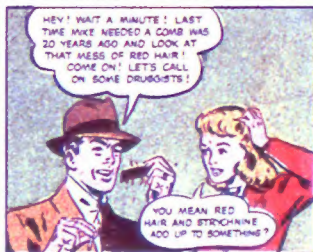
The Adventures of

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S DETECTIVE

SAM SPADE

(THE CASE OF THE TELL-TALE COMB)

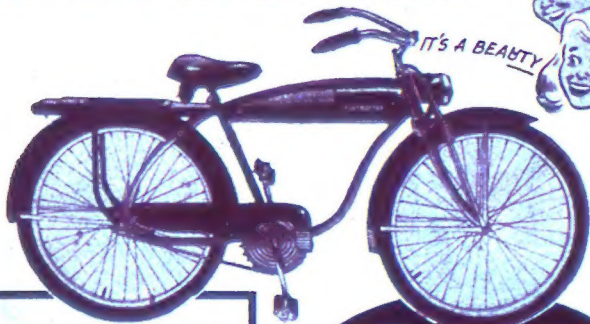
LISTEN TO "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday eve. It's on your Columbia (CBS) Broadcasting System station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.



HERE IT IS!

The NEW ROADMASTER

IT'S A BEAUTY



Roadmaster
AMERICA'S *finest* BICYCLE

EVERYTHING YOU WANT

- NEW REAR STOPLIGHT — press the brake and flash! — on goes the light — just like dad's car!
- SMOOTH SLEEK TANK — built-in horn button — embossed chrome grill — modern automotive colors.
- IMPROVED SHOCKMASTER FORK — floating ride fork for smooth riding.
- SEARCH-BEAM HEADLAMP — a streamlined beauty — exclusive bullet design.
- ROCKET CHAIN GUARD — streamlined for speed — trimmed with chrome.
- ELECTRONICALLY WELDED FRAME — 100% stronger — built to take it!
- CHROME RIMS — these sparkling rims catch admiring eyes.
- NEW KICK TYPE PARKING STAND — exclusive, can't rattle kick-stand.

Many other features you'll enjoy.

Now new thrills of fun

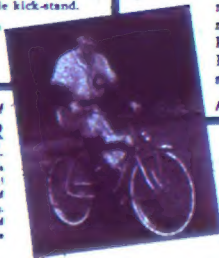
● Get set for a new world of fun and popularity when you ride this new model Roadmaster, "America's *Finer* Bicycle". It's a joy you'll long remember. For Roadmaster sets the style and leads the field in beauty and outstanding features. But see this amazing bicycle at your dealer's today.

You'll understand why Roadmaster owners stand out in their crowd as leaders. Why not be a leader yourself? Ride the road to popularity on your own Roadmaster, "America's *Finer* Bicycle". It's smooth to ride — sharp to look at — smart to own.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Get this Picture of BOB FELLER

Get this exciting 8x10 picture of Bob Feller, America's Strikeout King. It's a beauty! Send coupon below and 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Be the envy of your crowd with a Bob Feller picture — all your own.



THE CLEVELAND WELDING COMPANY
2129 West 117th Street • Cleveland 7, Ohio
Rush my 8x10 picture of Bob Feller. I have enclosed 10¢ to cover cost of mailing.

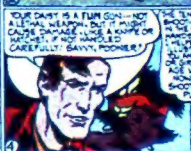
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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

RED RYDER'S SAFETY MESSAGE TO DAISY AIR RIFLE OWNERS

by **RED HARTMAN** --- FAMOUS COWBOY CARTOONIST --- **CREATOR OF RED RYDER**



DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO SHOOT SAFE

128-page Handbook features Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips, atomic bombs, jet power, jokes, trick shots, safety rules, complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog, etc. Limited supply. Rush name, address, dime (10c), unused 1c stamp we'll mail Handbook postpaid.

Buy Direct in Schools

Ask your folks to read this ad. Tell them you'll follow the ten Safety Shooting Rules printed in the Daisy Handbook as carefully as they always drive their car. Explain that Daisys have been recognized as

the finest quality air rifles in the world for more than sixty years—that you want a genuine Daisy for real fun—that they're being made and delivered to Daisy dealers fast as the supply of labor and materials permit.

1000 SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Model No. 15-DAISY PUMP GUN \$4.25

Model No. 15-DAISY BBS-BOLT REPEATER \$3.95

From Western saddle-carbine features Lightning Lender, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong, Carbine Bands, Double Notch Sight, Pistol Grip Stock.

Don't forget our selection from the Daisy Professional Air Rifle and Pistol Range.

SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

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